His Monster

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by AmandeBw

Summary

Hannibal knew since the first day he'd seen him that Will Graham was his and his alone.

His Monster

The second Hannibal had seen him he knew that he would do whatever he could to have Will Graham as his own. It took time, yes, but he'd wait an eternity for his Will. Will was... Extraordinary. Even without his empathy, his dear Will would be the only one would could captivate him so.

Was it really all that surprising that the second he scented the encephalitis on him he told him? Because he did and he never regretted it. His sweet and beautiful Will relied on him so much during that time, from helping him recognize what was a dream to just cooking a delicious meal after a day filled with medical tests. Day by day he could see his dear Will fall deeper and deeper into his web.

Unfortunately, his dear Will had always been rather shy when it came to romantic relationships, so Hannibal took the first step and asked him out. His Will had flushed oh so beautifully at his proposal and had slowly nodded his consent. Even if Hannibal had known Will belonged to him, now the whole world knew too. Which caused some problems when pesky... Bugs decided that Will wasn't worthy of him... He took great pleasure in *educating* them on their mistake. *They* were the ones unworthy of his love.

But after seeing these bugs, he knew that more would come, so he waited and watched. He payed attention to whoever approached his dear Will and removed them if necessary. He was meticulous. Of course, he hadn't expected someone to take his Will out of the blues. He had never though someone would just take him like that, for no other reason than his beauty, and he should have. Will, after all, was a work of art. More importantly, Will was his.

It took him barely an hour after the FBI notified him of his Will's disappearance to track down the pig who had stolen him. He prepared himself for his trip calmly, making a mistake after all this time just because he let his emotions get one over him simply wouldn't do. He packed each item in his bag carefully, making sure that he had everything before driving off.

Once he arrived to the house, he pretended to have a flat tire and knocked on the door. He waited patiently as the pig opened his door letting him in, and when the pig had his back turned... he struck. He waited until the man came back to his senses then began the interrogation. In barely ten minutes the pig - coward that he was - told him all he needed to know so he put him back to sleep. This pig had taken his dear Will, he wouldn't get any mercy on his part.

Dragging the pig down to Will's prison, Hannibal had been enchanted by the words his precious Will had spoken upon seeing him with his kidnapper. "I love you," his dear Will had said, "but there's no way we're eating him. His flesh isn't even good enough to serve as dog food." He could only stare at Will in shock, because his sweet Will knew and hadn't told anyone, he knew and had kept eating the meals he had prepared. Hannibal just smiled at him, a bit offended that his love actually thought he'd give him this pig as food, and replied, "Of course my dear Will, I'd never dare to feed you such trash."

The End

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